

your present mission, the Government shall take over this discovery of yours?"

Edestone moved uneasily in his seat. He had naturally anticipated this question, and yet he was unprepared to meet it.

The Secretary frowned and repeated his question. "That is your intention, is it not?"

Hesitating no longer the inventor answered quietly:

"Mr. Secretary, I yield to no man in my devotion to my country, but I am one of those who believe that the highest form of patriotism is to seek the best interest of mankind, and standing on that I tell you frankly that I cannot at this time answer your question. Just now I look no farther than the end of this brutal war. After that is accomplished it will be time enough for me to decide the ultimate disposition of my invention. Its secret is now known to no living soul but myself, and is so simple that it requires no written record to preserve it, and would die with me. It is the result, it is true, of many years of hard work, but the finished product I can and often do carry in my waistcoat pocket.

"Do not misunderstand me," he lifted his hand as the Secretary endeavoured to break in. "I thoroughly realize the responsibility of my posi-